

The Branksome Slogan



1933

THREE STEPS to SUMMER CHIC



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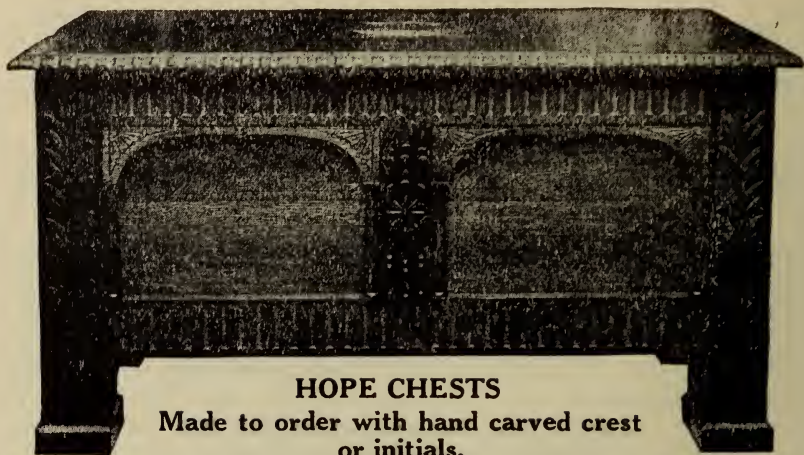
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THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



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BRANKSOME HALL

Still Making Progress

THE EARMARKS OF PROGRESS are very much in evidence at Branksome Hall, that great School of Learning for Girls of this Dominion of Canada. Its fame has spread far and wide from the marked ability of its graduates. Miss Read, the Principal, has ever in mind that, in addition to scholastic attainments of her school, the leaven of outdoor and indoor sport is an absolute necessity for the development, so that the Health of Body as well as Breadth of Mind can go hand in hand as part of the training at this Hall of Learning.

There has been built this year a magnificent building on the School Grounds for the teaching of healthful exercise indoors, in addition to the Playgrounds outdoors.

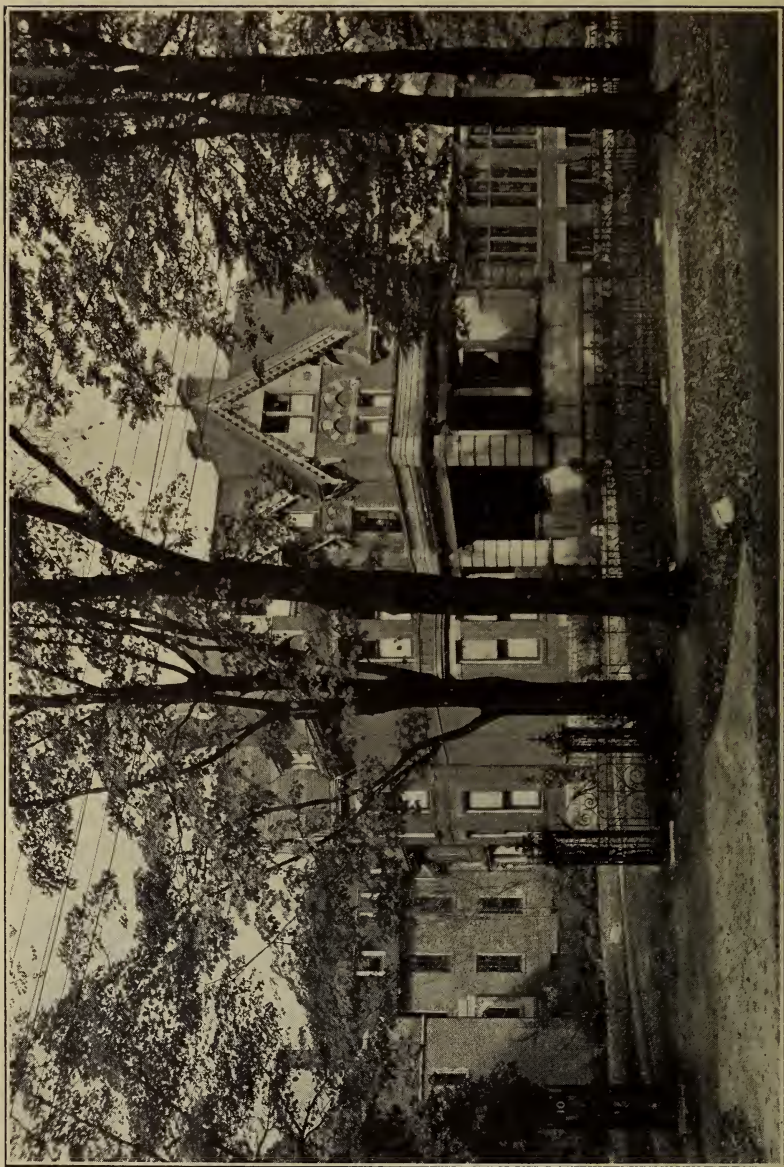
This School emphasizes the spirit of Canada, in that we cannot stand still: we must go on, and in developing the human element as well as the natural resources of this country, Miss Read, as Principal, has shown this spirit.

We are all Where we are by What we are, and nothing can help any of us, half as much as trying hard to help ourselves. Success is an individual affair. Producing, Earning and Saving will bring contentment.

THE WALKER HOUSE, "The House of Plenty," has been the home of the parents of many of the girls attending our Halls of Learning. The management of the Walker House is ever alert and watchful for the comforts of Ladies and Kiddies, and endeavors at all times to preserve an atmosphere as near the home atmosphere as it is possible for a commercial institution to handle.

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GEORGE WRIGHT, President



View of School from Elm Avenue.

EDITORIALS



The Road

Mankind today is weaving a very gloomy and troubled pattern into the history of the world. Even in Canada, where conditions have been comparatively favourable, the "depression" has made itself acutely felt. It is as though we were standing in a dark land facing a cloudy future, uncertain even of the ground beneath our feet, and forced to hear on every hand the myriad cries of poverty and want. Our own city of Toronto has one hundred and eighty thousand persons on direct city relief. Endless bankrupt sales and lengthening bread-lines are stories in themselves—stories of heartbreak. Neither does the depression stop at bodily needs. It goes deeper. Sordid materialism with its resultant cynicism; privation with its resultant hopelessness; and, embracing all, fear, cannot but affect the morale, not only of our Dominion but of the world.

We of Branksome Hall, both as individuals and as a school, have our own work to do and our part to play at this time of financial gloom and spiritual perplexity. The depression has not reduced our ranks and we are proud of having been able to make our various annual contributions to worthy causes at home and abroad. Yet the times are such that we have increasing opportunities, and, therefore, increasing responsibilities to serve humanity.

Someone has remarked that if the word "die" is taken from "depression", two very different words remain—"press on". In connection with this, we might recall that only last year our school motto was changed to the inscription carved over the door of the old Branksome tower in Scotland, "Keep Well the Road". That road is at present leading us through strange uncertain lands.

Let us, as loyal members of Branksome Hall, humbly strive our utmost to "Keep Well the Road" and, not only in spite of adverse conditions, but because of them—press on!

"I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to night".



P. Pearce.

SPRING SONG

The fragrance of the blooming flowers
All speak to us of spring;
Exulting in the leafy bowers,
The early spring birds sing;
The lark sends up his blithesome air,
Winds carol music everywhere.

The bee hums in the flowery dell,
The cricket chirps all day;
The robin sings near the fresh-turned
soil,

The brook glides on its way;
The fairy-pipers pipe for you
Since all is song—I warble too!

NORA CONKLIN

(Clan MacGregor).

THE WIND IN A STORM

Shrieking aloud to the darkening sky,
Challenging everything with its cry;
Whirling bright leaves around the old
farms,

Banging the doors of deserted barns,
Blowing drops of glittering rain,
Moaning 'round corners, again and
again,

Clawing at treetops, seeking to shake
Bright coloured leaves, to follow its
wake.

This is the wind in its delight,
Trying to show us all its might.

BETTY JEWETT

(Clan Campbell).



YESTERDAY

Yesterday it was different,
 The ground was grey with fallen
 leaves,
 The cold bleached oaks stood stately,
 Wafted by the gentle breeze.

Today the sleigh is gliding
 Over the glittering snow.
 The world is a jingle of merry bells,
 Hurrah! And away we go.

But I seem to remember yesterday,
 With its sodden and faded leaves;
 I seem to remember yesterday,
 And the silent shivering breeze.

MARGARET GILMOUR
 (Clan MacGregor).

PINE TREES

Whispering,
 Softly chanting
 Memories of bygone days.
 Silvery green
 In the golden moonlight,
 Their perfume
 Heavy on the air.
 Rustling, swaying
 In the cool night breezes.
 A whip-poor-will
 Calls from his leafy nest.
 The breezes carry it far away
 And still the trees
 Hold their memories.

BETTY JEWETT
 (Clan Campbell).



Autumn

The mist is falling over knoll and hill
and tree,
Blotting out the very world for me;
The leaves that frolic in the elm's
crown,
Are sick of heart and faint with falling
down.

The tears that whisper in the wind's
hoarse voice,
The sighs that echo on the hill of
lonely trees;
The dull faint thud of sodden steps,
Unbroken by the sullen mutter of the
leaves.
But suddenly a robin calling in the
east,
Breaks the stillness of the Autumn
peace.

MARGARET GILMOUR
(Clan MacGregor).

An Early Ride

The Heaven above, and the open air,
And my little brown cob beneath me,
Is all I ask as over the grass
We tear in the beautiful morning.

Straight to the right where the rising
sun
Flames in the eastern sky,
The clouds look down as we tear along
On this glorious sun-lit morning.

GILLIAN WATSON
(Clan Stewart).



Leaves

In Spring and Autumn and all the year
round

Many beautiful leaves cover the
ground.

Golden, silver, yellow and green
All over the world are to be seen.

Children raise their sleepy heads
And scamper from their cots or beds.
They run and play among the leaves
And catch them as they fall from trees.

'Tis a sad time when all the leaves
Are scattered from their mother trees,
Covered with a blanket white,
They sleep throughout the wintry
night.

BARBARA THOMPSON
(Clan MacAlpine).

The Old House

The old house stands
In the lane,
Lonesome and dreary
In the rain.
Hollow voices
Echoing forth
From the old
Vine-covered porch.

A muddy path
Leads to the door,
The mud is tracked
All over the floor.
Weeds, choked with age
Grow through the wall,
The cob-webs are strung
Throughout the hall.

BETTY JEWETT
(Clan Campbell).

Harvest

September is a harvest time,
 The perfect month to make up rhyme.
 In the city or in a town
 The grass takes on a coat of brown.
 The birds in hundreds flock together
 To find new homes and sunny weather.
 The harvest fields are bleak and bare,
 Content that they have done their
 share.
 The leaves turn red and brown and
 gold,
 Much too beautiful to be told.
 The snow will soon be on the ground
 To cover up the things around.

BETTY HARRISON
 (Clan MacLean).

The Brook

Bubbling and gurgling every day,
 The little brook goes on its way.
 Running onward, over the stones,
 Singing all sorts of beautiful tunes.
 Trout lose themselves in its gurgling
 stream,
 That they may hide their silvery
 gleam.
 They swirl and curl o'er its foamy
 crests,
 While the silver scales shine on their
 breasts.
 The current, it dips, over and under,
 While all water plants are torn
 asunder.

BETTY JEWETT
 (Clan Campbell).



The Skirmish

Fiercely raged the battle
 That tragic mournful day,
 The broken swords did rattle
 And many wounded lay.

The pistol shots were many's knell
 When gallant captains the charges
 led,
 Then loudly rang a clanging bell
 The little boys went home to bed.
 PATRICIA GIBBONS
 (Clan MacLean).

Morning Joy

Yonder on the distant hill
 I hear the grinding of the mill,
 The sky above is azure blue,
 And clouds roll by in purple hue.

Then in the morn I rise and hear
 The birds, that sing so sweet and clear.
 Oh! what a joy this world can give
 To those who find out how to live.
 ELIZABETH LEWIN
 (Clan MacAlpine).

The Rescue of the Woods

He wandered o'er the southern hills,
'Cross daisy fields and sparkling rills,
Where vines and creepers twined like
lace,
Yet never saw their magic grace.

For as he hurried more and more
His soul was burnt, his heart was
sore:
Within his breast there smouldered
still,
A bitterness, a mental ill.

"What have I done that I should be
The butt of human cruelty?"
He cried. "Has one of other name
Transferred the stinging, sneering
blame

Upon an innocent, who feared
To do that which is wrong; revered
The laws of goodness, righteousness—
Who had no shame he could confess?"

The bitterness, reproach, and hate
They flung at him! He could not
wait
To hear their hard words—no man
could:
He fled, an outcast, to the wood.

Where should he go? He did not
know,
Death seemed rather a friend than foe:

No one to cheer him, understand,
Hatred and curses filled the land.

So, wandering, his sightless eyes,
Staring upon the far sunrise,
He came within a little bower
Where every bud had burst to flower,

Where dainty ferns and mosses
sprang,
Where crickets shrilled, and sweet
birds sang;
And as he sank upon a log
They lifted slowly, mist and fog.

He saw the peace and beauty round,
The tiny violets on the ground.
At last he'd found the quiet he sought,
He sat that day wrapped up in
thought.

And when the sun went down to rest,
When birdlings hurried home to nest—
He backward trudged towards the
town,
Resolved to try and live it down.

Three short weeks later, he returned,
A different man, whose brown eyes
burned
With love of life. He came to bless
And thank the woods for his success.

KATHARINE CANNON
(Clan Ross).



To a River

Oh, mighty river rolling along
 With ever a ripple and ever a song,
 Where is thy ending and how do you
 start?
 But that is a secret you'll never im-
 part.

With a rumble and roar you go on as
 before,
 Rushing by elms that stand on the
 shore;
 They wither and die and the decades
 go by,
 But thou, mighty river, will always
 pass by.

MILLCENT RAYMOND
 (Clan Campbell).

Spring Fever

Spring is here! I saw a tulip
 Just arisen from its bed,
 While the boisterous early zephyrs
 Toss'd around its yellow head.

In my window, liting, dancing,
 Came a clear discordant din,
 Jumbled notes in sweet abandon
 Chasing one another in!

I looked upon my desk with loathing,
 Wishing to throw off my fetters.
 Then in a moment of mad frolic,
 I scattered far and wide my letters.

GWYNNETH SINCLAIR
 (Clan MacGregor).

Troubles

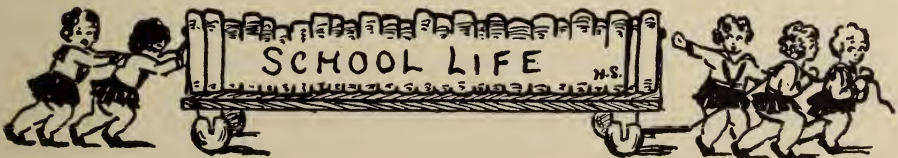
It's not hard to be happy and bright
 When everything is going right.
 But when your bright skies turn to
 gray,
 It's not so easy to be gay.

But I'm sure you'll find if you wish to
 be gay,
 That by thinking of others some time
 in your day,

Their trials and their sorrows, their
 grief and despair,
 And by doing your bit to ease their
 care

Your own will seem small, and easy
 to bear.

JEAN MACDONALD
 (Clan Stewart).





New Zealand

New Zealand has been called "The Brighter Britain of the South," yet, from the time of Captain Cook's first visit in 1769, until 1840, there was a strong opposition to founding a British Colony in that country.

New Zealand is twelve days distant from Honolulu, or nineteen days on a fast ocean liner from Vancouver. The two small islands comprising New Zealand are thought by scientists to be remnants of a large continent which ages ago slipped into the sea.

One disembarks at Auckland, the chief port and finest industrial city. The combined population of New Zealand is but one and a half million people, one hundred and seventy thousand of whom are foreign. They adhere strongly to British traditions, customs and manner of living.

The native inhabitants of New Zealand are called Maoris. They can trace back their ancestry for generations to the time of their migration about 1350, in a "Great Fleet of Canoes," probably from Tonga. These canoes were made from tree-trunks. The journey of two thousand miles was made without instruments of any kind, their guide being their profound knowledge of the stars, ocean currents and winds.

Near the town of Rotorua, which is the centre of Guperland, is a large settlement of Maoris. Walks or drives through these weird valleys reveal strange wonders of nature: cauldrons of boiling water and mud, blow-holes, and geysers which erupt periodically; mountains scarred and torn, some of which emit clouds of steam, and extinct craters looking cold and inert.

The South Island has a range of mountains on the West coast equal in splendour to the Alps or our Rockies. The North Island has several



A Corner of the Garden.

remarkable mountains, one of which is Mount Egmont, a single cone perpetually snow-clad, the second most perfect cone after Fujiama in Japan. Quite by accident, three wonderful cones were discovered a few years ago. Burlesques of innumerable shapes and forms are made by the stalactites growing down from the ceiling to meet the stalagmites growing up from the ground. In one of these caves is a glow-worm grotto which is very wonderful. One descends into a boat on a subterranean river in perfect darkness and silence. The boat moves noiselessly along, and suddenly the curved roof is filled with golden points, the shimmer being reflected on the still water. At first the mind cannot grasp this, and one feels that one must be in another world. These glow worms are very sensitive and if any noise is made, their light will go out.

When the shores of New Zealand recede from view, one feels that it has been truly named, "The Brighter Britain of the South."

MARGARET GRIFFIS (Clan Campbell).



A Formosan Bus Ride

The Taihoku-Tamsui bus was late. Piled solidly with a miscellaneous assortment of Formosans and bundles, the bus was just about to start when a fat lady with a baby tied to her back, refused to pay for her fare, and stood defiantly at bay on the running board.

"Why should *you* get the money when this animal does all the work?" she stormed. "I've as much right to ride in this animal as you have!" The ticket-collector only yawned and the woman, still puzzled, finally paid, clambered in, and treated the "animal" to a violent jolt as the bus shot forward.

Immediately, in the customary Formosan fashion, everybody began talking at once. The woman who had delayed the bus discussed a coming feast with an old peanut vendor at the back of the bus. The road was bad, and at every jolt the old man would exclaim, with a toothless chuckle, "This is getting my money's worth!" He was smoking a four-foot pipe which he seemed in danger of swallowing.

In another quarter, squeezed in between a bundle of live crabs, two dead fish and a basket of charcoal, some farmers discussed the rice crop, occasionally throwing in a word of advice to a group who were heatedly

discussing the "pang tsin teng" festival. Suddenly a strident voice rose above the babble:

"There you are! She tried to run away again last night. It must be evil spirits—we always gave her enough to eat." For a moment the other topics of conversation were forgotten and a chorus of varying exclamations arose, some of sympathy, some not unmingled with apprehension for the victim. Interest was only partially diverted by the peanut vendor, who had almost swallowed his pipe again.

"Did you call in the witch-doctor?" inquired her neighbour, grabbing for the heel of her baby, who had crawled under the seat with a stolen stick of sugar-cane.

"Yes, there he is," replied the woman, indicating an angular man snoring ponderously nearby. Just at this moment the bus lumbered round a curve and came out upon the bank of the Tamsin River, one of the most beautiful spots in that beautiful island.

One look at the solitary mountain looming up high into the sky across the river, another out over the blue Pacific with its skirting froth of breakers, another over the sweeping coastline and distant purple hills should satisfy most of its distinct claim to scenic beauty. Man had done little to mar it. Only a lighthouse winked down the coast; a few Chinese junks nodded their brown sails and the humble lights of Tamsin began to glimmer uncertainly. Near at hand the bus jolted past familiar sights and sounds of eventide in Formosa—a flock of ducks waddling homewards; the sleepy chirp of a cicada; a child on a doorstep with his bowl of rice.

Conversation in the bus reached a climax as the motor bunted through the narrow streets of the town, sending a swarm of chickens, dogs, and children scrambling hastily to safety. Finally the human and inanimate freight was unloaded, and the cheery din died away. Only the peanut-vendor remained behind, pipe in mouth. He paused to pat the dusty seat. "I really *did* get my money's worth!" he murmured as he climbed slowly out.

ANNA MACKAY (Clan Douglas).



The Pitch Lake of Trinidad

One of the wonders of Trinidad is the Pitch Lake. It is the only one of its kind in the world, with the exception of one just across from it in Venezuela.

Although the Trinidad lake is only about one square mile in area, there has already been enough pitch extracted to pave a road twenty feet wide around the world. This is due to the fact that whenever some is taken out, the space is immediately refilled. The lake appears to be a huge ink blot. It is quite soft in some places and there are small pools of water through which the pitch bubbles.

Negro workmen extract the pitch with huge shovels and load the great lumps on trolleys that carry them to the refinery, where the pitch goes through several processes and is finally poured into barrels which glide down on wires to the sea. It is especially fortunate that this lake is near the sea so that the pitch can be easily exported to every part of the world.

The next time your heel sinks into the pitch used in preparing sidewalks, think of Trinidad!

SALLY MORTON (Clan Campbell).

Welcome to Honolulu

As the ship rounds Diamond Head, the grim guardian of Honolulu, one sees a faint glimmer in the distance, which gradually takes the form of a city whose tropical beauty is amazing.

Honolulu is set cozily between the mountains and the sea and extends along the Southern coast of Oahu for at least two miles. It seems almost alive as it basks in the golden morning sun, while small fleecy clouds skim across the intensely blue sky and shady cocoanut palms fringe the curving shore.

From the ship can be seen a long, wide stretch of white sand, dotted with innumerable coloured umbrellas. This proves to be the famous Waikiki Beach. Through the foaming surf can be distinguished the surf riders, making a thrilling, if hazardous journey, towards the shore on their slender boards.

Beyond the beach one sees the famous Royal Hawaiian Hotel, with its beautiful grounds and sunny terraces. The Moana Hotel, not so gorgeous as her sister, but just as beautiful, peeps forth from a row of Royal palms.

Below us, is a school of flying fish, leaping gracefully into the sunlight. Soon these are replaced by diving boys who have paddled out on their surf boards to meet the incoming ship. They dive for coins and never seem to miss one.

As the ship pulls into the enormous concrete pier, an Hawaiian band greets us with the beautiful strains of the "Song of the Island" and brown Hawaiian women run up the gangway, throwing flower leis around our neck.

In this way begins the first of many happy Honolulu days.

ELEANOR BONE (Clan MacGregor).



A Picturesque Road

One of the most picturesque roads in Nova Scotia follows the Lahave River from Bridgewater, its source, to Crescent Beach, its mouth, a distance of about eighteen miles.

Bridgewater is a little town situated on a high cliff overlooking the river. Small boats and large boats, speedboats and tugboats dock daily at the wharves.

Passing the shipyard we left Bridgewater for the country road close to the river-side. As we motored along we noticed, on the opposite side of the river, several summer cottages, one of which attracted our special attention. It was a dull, red colour with gray trimmings. A large verandah encircled the whole house. On this were seated groups of people in hammocks and comfortable camp-chairs. In front of the cottage a long pier stretched out into the water with a diving-board at the end. On one side of the pier, a few yards distant, was a raft. Several young people were swimming and diving thereabouts and from watching them we could tell that many gay, amusing afternoons had been spent in the same way.

Following the road still farther down the river, we passed similar cottages and went through small fishing villages. On large tables between the shore-line and the roadside were spread fresh codfish. These had been brought in from fishing trips and had been laid here to dry and to be salted. In a few weeks they would probably be shipped to different parts of the world.

After passing many large and small fishing schooners, lying at anchor

some distance from the shore, we reached the mouth of the river. As we looked out towards the sea, we saw a lighthouse, and farther out a group of islands, on one of which was situated a lobster cannery. A little farther along this road we came to a sparkling sand beach about a mile and a quarter in length shaped in the form of a crescent. It is practically all flat, which enables cars to drive on it when the tide is low; at other times high, powerful waves roll in and break over the dazzling sand. The beach is not only utilized for pleasure but it is used as a highway for transportation from the mainland to the Lahave Islands. The usual road to these islands lies on the clay side of the beach; the water on the far side is extremely salty.

I hope that all who visit Nova Scotia will not fail to take this drive from Bridgewater to Crescent Beach, for it is well worth a visit on account of its quaint and picturesque scenery.

BETTY DAVISON (Clan Ross).





The Huntsville Week-End

This year, instead of going to Muskoka Beach for our winter sports, we went to Huntsville. The journey was uneventful but our arrival was spectacular for, the train being a week-end special, we were met by a brass band and the greater part of the Huntsville population. We finally managed to single ourselves out amidst the confusion and started for the Traveller's Rest Inn which was to shelter us. After enjoying coffee and doughnuts at the Inn we set off in our ski clothes for the Town Hall, where a dance was being held for the benefit of week-end visitors. We did not stay very long as we wished to retire early in order to be ready for the excitement of the morning.

Everyone was up in good time, eagerly enquiring about trails and hills. Several groups were formed and set off exploring as soon as breakfast was over. Our group fell in with two little boys, "Chuck" and "Canton," aged ten and eight, who piloted us across the lake to some ideal slopes where they had made a jump. We suffered many falls but no serious injuries, and got back to the Inn just in time for lunch, which was enlivened by tales of the morning's experiences.

In the afternoon some of the party went to a movie, while others visited Memorial Park, where jumping contests were being held. Those who had gone to the movies visited this later while we explored other districts.

In the evening we went for a sleigh-ride and then to the new rink to attend the Skating Carnival, where some Toronto visitors gave exhibitions of figure skating. The performance of two young girls from the Parisian ballet was

thus described by an old townsman:—"Wings are all they needed to carry them straight to heaven." Exhibitions of speed skating and barrel jumping followed and the Carnival closed with a moccasin dance in which everyone took part.

Sunday morning we followed the Chub Lake Trail for awhile but finally left it to blaze new paths through the woods. This proved too exhausting and we went back to the trail. In the afternoon we visited Steven's Field and after dinner packed and set out for the station.

The trip was thoroughly enjoyed by all fortunate enough to go and we were all grateful to Miss Read for not only arranging it but also for accompanying us and taking such an active part in our skiing attempts.

TRUDEAN SPENCER (Clan MacGregor).



SNOW

The snow is falling softly round
O'er field and lake and glen.
It penetrates the barren woods
And hides the fox's den.

The rivers by the ice are choked,
Their chilly waters cease.
There is no sound or movement there
For everywhere is peace.

MILLICENT RAYMOND
(Clan Campbell).

Large boats sail the oceans,
Small boats cross the sea;
Junks traverse the rivers,
Yet the Channel parts you and me.
ELIZABETH ANN TANNER
(Clan Douglas).

GYM DISPLAY



The Gym Display

Our annual physical training demonstration was held again this year in the Varsity Arena, on Friday evening, May 5th.

Although the display did not begin until 8.15 o'clock, as early as 7.45 people began to arrive, and by the time the pipers made their triumphant entrance there was an audience of over two thousand.

As usual the opening event was the Form March, led by the Prefects and Seniors, the singing of "O Canada," and the placing of the flags. Then followed a splendidly arranged programme, including Danish, Irish and English folk dances, relay races, singing games and gymnastics.

The special class in Danish gymnastics, smartly dressed in green tunics and white blouses, gave an excellent performance of gymnastics adapted from those of Niels Bukh, Gymnastic Folk High School, Ollerup, Denmark, which was brought to a climax by some extraordinarily good jumping.

"Peter Pan and Wendy," by the Junior School, consisting of a group of little dances entitled "The Fairies, the Pirates, the Sandman, and the Cat," proved to be one of the most popular numbers.

"The Gathering of the Clans" made an impressive finale to another successful gym display.

Although all the girls worked hard to achieve this success, none worked harder than the directors, Miss Smellie and Miss Withers, to whom the chief credit is due.

GWYNNETH SINCLAIR
(Clan MacGregor).





BASKETBALL TEAM

Top Row

*Mary Becker, Jean Ross, Trudeauan
Spencer.*

Middle Row

*Barbara Powis, Daphne Mitchell,
Mary Gooderham.*

Bottom Row

*Joan Romeyn, Jean Gordon, Helen
Conway.*

First Row—

*Jean Ross, Mary Becker,
Charlotte Deacon, Pauline
Lea.*

Second Row—

*Edith Kirk, Elizabeth
Trees, Janet Garfield,
Daphne Mitchell.*

Third Row—

*Romaine Howden, Betty
Davison, Jean Gordon,
Helen Turner.*

Bottom Row—

*Trudeauan Spencer, Helen
Plaunt.*





Swimming

September was very hot this year, so the Fall Term was marked by a pronounced interest in swimming. The usual classes for beginners, as well as for those wishing to improve their skill were organized by Miss Withers.

Since our last report the following Life Saving awards have been won:—Award of Merit—Helen Turner; Bronze Medallion—Charlotte Abbott, Elizabeth Brydon, Helen Conway, Christine Mowbray, Louise Spencer; Proficiency and Elementary Certificates—Janet Garfield, Irla Mueller, Eleanor Rising and Barbara Waterbury.

Last April the MacGregor clan came first in the Inter-clan Swimming Meet and the MacAlpine second, while the Ross and Macleod clans won at the Fall Meet. The Senior Swimming Cup, the gift of Mary Barker, was won last Spring by Muriel Sinclair and the Lenore Gooderham Cherry Junior Cup by Christine Mowbray.

HELEN TURNER
(Clan MacLean).

Badminton

A ladder tournament was used this year to increase the interest of the girls in badminton. The names were posted for six weeks and then the eight girls who came first in the singles, and the eight couples who were first in the doubles entered the final contests. Jean McWilliams won the singles and Mary Becker and Jean McWilliams the doubles. Then we tried our skill against Upper and Lower Haverгал. With the exception of one set of singles won by Mary Becker, we lost to the Jarvis Street School but made a better showing against Laurence Park Haverгал by winning two sets of singles and one set of doubles. Two tournaments with Old Girls were also arranged and badminton flourished until the Spring weather enticed us to the tennis courts.

HELEN CONWAY
(Clan MacGregor).
JEAN McWILLIAMS
(Clan Douglas).

Basketball

This year in Basketball the Clan competition was exceptionally keen and was won by the Ross Clan.

First Team

Forwards—

Romeyn—fast and furious.

Becker—slow but steady.

Gooderham—erratic but energetic.

Guards—

Powis—swift and sure.

Spencer—cool and cautious.

Conway—nervous but nimble.

Centres—

Ross—able and accurate.

Mitchell—ready and rapid.

Gordon—trailed along to cheer them up.

Games Played

Won by

B.H.S. vs. B.S.S., 15-8.....B.H.S.

B.H.S. vs. B.S.S., 8-20.....B.S.S.

B.H.S. vs. Old Girls, 16-22.....Old Girls

B.H.S. vs. H.L.C., 12-31.....H.L.C.

B.H.S. vs. Hatfield Hall, 22-47.....H.H.

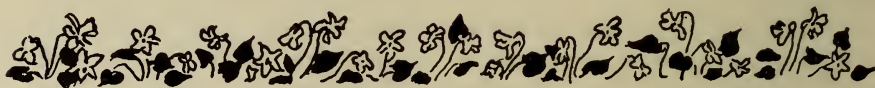
B.H.S. vs. H.L.C., 24-38.....H.L.C.

Second Team played each of the above schools with much greater success.

Third and Fourth Teams also played several schools and acquitted themselves well.

JEAN GORDON (Captain)

(Clan Stewart).



If For Branksome Girls

If you can come to Branksome and be active

And play in games or cheer your school team on,

If you can wear your uniform and be attractive

Yet do not fuss or 'tend your looks too long,

If you can befriend girls yet not be cliquey,

But be a friend of everyone that's here,

If you can be a help and do things neatly,

And help the staff and be to them sincere,

If you can work yet not make work your master,

And play in games and be a fine, true sport;

If you can be a help to girls long after They have gone through school and really proved their sort;

If you can do all things without complaining

And help the ones who find this hard to do,

Then you're a friend that really is worth gaining,

And what's more, you have the Branksome spirit too.

ARNOLD GOODERHAM

(Clan Stewart).

The Carol Service

Our annual Carol Service was held in Rosedale Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening, December eleventh.

The School sang a number of carols and the Choral Class brought out the beauty of some of the old German, French and Italian carols by their part singing, while Nora Conklin added greatly to the effect by her solo work. Phyllis Hollinrake, President of the Alumnae Association, played a harp solo which blended beautifully with the Christmas spirit of the service. Several carols were sung by the Juniors, the most striking being a negro spiritual. The ending was different from that of other years, for a tableau was arranged in the chancel of the church with Mary, Joseph, the Wise Men and the Shepherds surrounding a cradle. Bible selections were read by two of the girls and the recessional, "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful" followed, the figures remaining in position until the end—an ending which increased the dignity and reverence of the whole.

JOAN ROMEYN (Clan Ross).



The School Dance

The school dance was held on Friday evening, February 10th. Miss Read and the Head Girl, Gwynneth Sinclair, received the guests, who numbered about three hundred.

Revolving lights on the balcony and many coloured ones around the gymnasium formed striking decorations. This year there was dancing in the Common Room as well as in the gymnasium, while the class rooms were used for "sitting out". Supper was

served between the eight and ninth dances. During the evening crackers and balloons were introduced, causing much merriment. The orchestra provided an excellent programme and everyone was sorry when the strains of "God Save the King" brought to a close another very enjoyable Branksome dance.

MARGARET MACKAY
(Clan Douglas).

OPERETTA

The Operetta

John D. Rockefeller.....Nora Conklin
 Henry Ford.....Mary Hutton
 Laura Secord.....Betty Wilson
 Jenny Lind.....Helen Sheppard
 Mr. and Mrs. Fax.....Barbara Powis
 Helen Conway
 Hallie Fax.....Elizabeth Rally
 Mr. and Mrs. Peg.....Margaret McKay
 Eleanor Bone
 Winnie Peg.....Rosemary McWilliams

On Friday evening, April 7th, the Senior girls in residence presented "The Yankoliers" or "Love Will Find a Way," an adaptation of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "The Gondoliers."

In the opening scene Miss Read has been sent a letter from President Roosevelt commending her interest in the English-speaking Union and suggesting a plan for furthering its influence. If Miss Read agrees, two of

America's choicest young men are to be sent to Branksome to choose their brides. The complications which follow change joy to disappointment. The East, represented by Hallie Fax, and West, by Winnie Peg, have been promised the first choice, but John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford have, perversely, fallen in love with two other Branksome girls, Laura Secord and Jenny Lind. Finally the plot is disentangled, the course of true love runs smoothly and the closing scene is one of happiness and laughter.

Thanks are certainly due to Miss Read, the author and producer, to Miss Abbott, who trained us in the singing, to Miss Gairns for her assistance at the piano, and to Miss Faulkner, who helped us with the costumes.

DOROTHY STOCK
 (Clan MacAlpine).



Gwynneth Sinclair.

"Let her own works praise her."
Comes from Toronto.
Position held: Head Girl.
Next year: Plans to attend Varsity.

Joan Romeyn.

"High aims form high characters."
Comes from Toronto.
Positions held: President of Opheleo,
Member of First Basketball team.
Next year: Plans to attend Varsity.

Anna Mackay.

"Her unassuming air conceals
Hosts of ideas and worthy ideals."
Comes from Formosa.
Positions held: Sub-chieftain of
Douglas Clan, Editor-in-Chief of
"Slogan".
Next year: Plans to attend Normal.

Dorothy Stock.

"A heart to resolve, a head to con-
trive, and a hand to execute".
Comes from Toronto.
Positions held: Chieftain of Mac-
Alpine Clan.
Next year: Plans to attend Victoria
College.

Trudean Spencer.

"She's always good-natured, good-
humoured and free".
Comes from Vancouver.
Positions held: Secretary-treasurer
of Fourth Form, Member of First
Basketball Team, Chieftain of Mac-
Gregor Clan.
Next year: Plans to return to
Branksome.

Nora Conklin.

"Just to be cheery when things go
wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a
song".
Comes from Kingsville, Ontario.
Positions held: Music Convener.
Plans to continue her music at
the Toronto Conservatory.

Mary Becker.

"She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay,
She's aye sae blythe and cheerie".
Comes from Toronto.
Positions held: Chieftain of Camp-
bell Clan, Secretary-treasurer of Fifth
Form, Member of First Basketball
Team, Assistant Editor of "Slogan".
Next year: Plans to continue her
studies.

Helen Conway.

"The sparkle in her eyes
Betrays the imp within".
Comes from Huntsville, Ontario.
Positions held: Treasurer of
Opheleo, Member of First Basketball
Team, Sub-Chieftain of MacGregor
Clan.
Next year: Plans to attend Varsity.

Margaret McKay.

"It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true."
Comes from Fort William.
Positions held: President of Beta
Kappa, President of Fifth Form.
Next year: Plans to attend Varsity.

The Visit of Her Excellency, Lady Bessborough

To add to the enjoyment of our Christmas term, we had a special honour conferred upon us when Her Excellency, the Countess of Bessborough, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, paid us a visit.

Great was the excitement on Saturday morning, November 19th, as we awaited the arrival of our guest. She was met at the entrance by Miss Read, Miss Robinson, Phyllis Hollinrake, the President of the Alumnae Association, and our Head Girl, Gwynneth Sinclair. The Prefects, carrying the school flags, formed a guard of honour.

Her Excellency was conducted to the gymnasium, where the girls had all assembled, and the National Anthem was sung. Then Gwynneth Sinclair welcomed her on behalf of the school. Janet Garfield of Cleveland, Ohio, and Anna Mackay of Formosa, also made speeches. Trudeauan

Spencer, speaking in French, presented Lady Bessborough with a bouquet of roses tied with the school tartan. Following this, four newly-appointed prefects, Helen Conway, Nora Conklin, Anna Mackay and Trudeauan Spencer were presented with their ties by Her Excellency, who addressed the school in such a way as to charm us all and asked that the girls be accorded a holiday. A French-Canadian carol was sung, a play, "Christopher Columbus," presented by the Juniors, and then the Vice-Regal party was taken to the swimming pool, where an exhibition of swimming was held, followed by Danish gymnastics in the gymnasium. With the singing of our school song, "Up and On," a memorable event in the school year was happily concluded.

NORA CONKLIN
(Clan MacGregor).

Betta Kappa

As usual many entertainments were held this year under the auspices of the Beta Kappa Society.

The opening meeting on September 16th took the form of a Treasure Hunt, followed by games.

On October 3rd, a solemn initiation ceremony was carried out by the Council of Seven, when the new girls received their ties.

The Masquerade, held October 28th, was most enjoyable. Miss Read and

the members of the Staff put on a skit which was a take-off on the Gym Demonstration.

The various forms produced plays at different times. Form V presented "The Adventure of Lady Ursula". Form IV, "All of a Sudden Peggy". IV Special and V Special, "King Henry VIII and Katherine" and scenes from "Pride and Prejudice". IIIA and IIIB, "Creatures of Impulse" and "Ici on parle francais".

IIA and IIB, "Miniken and Maniken", "The Princess in the Woods" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals". IA and IB, "The Rehearsal" and "Archibald". Intermediate, a scene from "Cranford" and "The Invisible Duke".

March 17th was "French evening" when "Le petit poucet", "Les deux sours" and "Les boîtes à musique" were given.

On Friday evening, March 24th, Monsieur and Madame de Kresz gave a most delightful recital. Madame de Kresz told us something of the life

and work of various composers and illustrated her remarks by selections from their compositions. She accompanied Monsieur de Kresz, who charmed us by his masterful playing of the violin. A Toy Symphony, trained by Madame de Kresz, was a feature of this enjoyable entertainment.

In sponsoring such entertainments the Beta Kappa plays an important part in the life of the school.

ELEANOR McDOUGALL
(Clan Douglas).



Opheleo

The activities of the Opheleo Society are always varied and this year was no exception.

In the Autumn two hundred and twenty-five dollars was collected and sent to the Ramabai mission in India. The money was raised in various ways: large donations were received from members of the Alumnae Association, and friends of the school, a Friday night entertainment was given by the Clans, who charged ten cents admission, the girls in residence saved money by eating plainer food for a week and a "hot-dog" sale was held.

At Christmas the society hoped to furnish food and clothing for five poor families, but when the boxes were filled it was found that there was enough to provide for seven more.

Each box contained a turkey, canned goods, syrup, jelly, cereals, sugar, nuts, candy, etc. It was discovered that a child in one of these families required special food, so the Fourth Form volunteered to look after the matter.

The Lenten collection amounted to ninety dollars and was used for the support of a teacher in one of the Indian missions and for the Branksome Hall bed in the Ludhiana Hospital. Many of the girls knit bright coloured scarves which, with beads and dress material, were sent to India.

These are only some of the outstanding things accomplished by this society which has tried to live up to its name Opheleo—I serve.

CATHERINE PORTER
(Clan Macleod).

Calendar

- Sept. 14th—House Girls enter.
 Sept. 15th—School re-opens.
 Sept. 16th—Treasure Hunt and Games.
 Sept. 21st—Installation of Prefects.
 Sept. 23rd—Clan Competition.
 Sept. 29th—B'b Loretto vs. B.H.
 Oct. 3rd—Girls receive ties.
 Oct. 4th—B'b.—B.S.S. vs. B.H.
 Oct. 7th—Thanksgiving Week-end.
 Oct. 14th—B'b—Old Girls vs. Present.
 Oct. 18th—Toronto Symphony.
 B'b—H.L.C. vs. B.H.
 Oct. 19th—"Julius Caesar".
 Rachmaninoff.
 Oct. 21st—Rosa Ponselle.
 Oct. 25th—B'b—H.L.C. vs. B.H.
 Oct. 28th—The Masquerade.
 Oct. 29th—"Il Trovatore".
 Nov. 1st—B'b—B.S.S. vs. B.H.
 Nov. 4th—"Lady Ursula's Adventures".
 Nov. 5th—B'b—Hatfield Hall vs. B.H.
 Nov. 8th—B'b—H.L.C. vs. B.H.
 Nov. 11th—"All of a Sudden Peggy".
 Nov. 12th—Short Week-end.
 Nov. 18th—Ramabai.
 Nov. 19th—Visit of Her Excellency,
 Lady Bessborough.
 Nov. 22nd—Winter Fair.
 Nov. 23rd—American Thanksgiving
 Dinner.
 Dec. 2nd—"Cranford".
 "The Invisible Duke".
 Dec. 7th—Escudero.
 Dec. 11th—Christmas Carol Service.
 Dec. 16th—Christmas Dinner.
 School closed.
 Jan. 9th—School re-opened.
 Jan. 19th—"Blossom Time".
 Jan. 21st—Polo—Eglinton Hunt.
 Jan. 25th—Don Cossack Choir.
 Jan. 27th—Hockey—Present vs. Old
 Girls.
- Jan. 27th—"Creatures of Impulse".
 "Ici on parle francais".
 Jan. 31st—Symphony.
 Feb. 1st—"Macbeth".
 Feb. 3rd—Jacques Cartier.
 Feb. 10th—The Dance.
 Week-end.
 Feb. 17th—"Minniken and Manni-
 ken".
 "The Old Lady Shows
 Her Medals".
 "The Princess in the
 Wood".
 Feb. 19th—Miss McArd.
 Feb. 21st—"Le Monde ou L'on
 s'ennuie".
 Feb. 23rd—"Cavalcade".
 Feb. 24th—Skating Carnival.
 Mar. 3rd—"The Rehearsal".
 "Archibald".
 Huntsville Week-end.
 Mar. 6th—Col. Farrand.
 Kreisler.
 Mar. 10th—Week-end.
 Mar. 17th—"Les Deux Sourds".
 "Let Petit Poucet".
 "Les Boites a Musique".
 Mar. 24th—M. and Mme. de Kresz.
 Mar. 28th—Badminton—H.L.C. vs.
 B.H.
 Mar. 31st—"Pride and Prejudice".
 "Henry VIII and Kath-
 erine".
 April 4th—Badminton—H.L.C. vs.
 B.H.
 April 7th—"The Yankoliers".
 April 14th—School closed.
 April 25th—School re-opened.
 May 5th—P.T. Demonstration.
 May 7th—Dora Olive Thompson.
 May 16th—Tennis—H.L.C. vs. B.H.
 May 19th—Week-end.
 June 2nd—Picnic.
 June 10th—Niagara.
 June 16th—Strawberry Festival.
 June 19th—Prize Giving.



*GWYNNETH SINCLAIR
HEAD GIRL*



House and Day Prefects and Seniors with Flags.

Appointments, 1932-33

HEAD GIRL—Gwynneth Sinclair.

PREFECTS

Mary Becker
Margaret McKay
Dorothy Stock

Joan Romeyn
Nora Conklin
Helen Conway

Anna Mackay
Trudean Spencer

SENIORS

Barbara Graham
Marion Pirie
Jean McWilliams
Elizabeth Sheppard
Mary Hutton
Barbara Powis
Elizabeth Rally
Betty Wilson

Vivian Campbell
Betty Smith
Jean Boyd
Philippa Chapman
Betty Davison
Charlotte Deacon
Mary Gooderham
Jean Gordon

Dorothy Pattison
Helen Rooke
Arnold Gooderham
Greta Watson
Alfreda Lavelle
Mary Nicholson
Audrey Levy

BETA KAPPA:

President—Margaret McKay.
Vice-President—Mary Nicholson.
Secretary—Eleanor McDougall.
Treasurer—Clare Keachie.

OPHELEO:

President—Joan Romeyn.
Vice-President—Arnold Gooderham.
Secretary—Catherine Porter.
Treasurer—Helen Conway.

Committee—Helen Sheppard, Elizabeth Lewin, Eileen Pepall, Nora Conklin, Barbara Powis, Betty Wilson, Marion Pirie, Anne Radcliff.

CLASS OFFICERS

Form V—President, Margaret McKay; Vice-President, Mary Hutton; Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Becker.

Form VS—President, Arnold Gooderham; Vice-President, Greta Watson; Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Gibson.

Form IV—President, Betty Davison; Vice-President, Jean Gordon; Secretary-Treasurer, Trudean Spencer.

Form IVS—President, Elizabeth Lewin; Vice-President, Dorothy Hardy; Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret Kennedy.

Form IIIA—President, Daphne Mitchell; Vice-President, Jean Ross; Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Sedgewick.

Form IVB—President, Elsie Woods; Vice-President, Muriel Sinclair; Secretary-Treasurer, Kay Carlyle.

Form IIA—President, Helen Stephens; Vice-President, Elizabeth Trees; Secretary-Treasurer, Jean Macdonald.

Form IIB—President, Peggy Essery; Vice-President, Betty Russell; Secretary-Treasurer, Audrey Beaton.

Form IA—President, Bunty Birkett; Vice-President, Katherine Cannon; Secretary-Treasurer, Nancy Stirrett.

Form IB—President, Ruth Corrigan; Vice-President, Lois Ante; Secretary-Treasurer, Phyllis Pattison.

CLAN CHIEFTAINS

Campbell—Mary Becker.
Douglas—Jean McWilliams.
Ross—Betty Davison.
Stewart—Jean Gordon.

MacAlpine—Dorothy Stock.
MacLeod—Charlotte Deacon.
MacGregor—Trudean Spencer.
MacLean—Philippa Chapman.

Exchanges

This year we have had so many enjoyable exchanges that we have space to comment on only a few of them.

"The Tallow Dip," Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.:

A very interesting magazine. We would like to hear more about your sports.

"Ludemus," Havergal College, Toronto.

One of our best exchanges. The photographs and drawings are especially good.

"Edgehill Review," Edgehill, Windsor, N.S.

A very good magazine. The poetry is splendid but we would like to see some more drawings.

"The Voyageur," Pickering College, Newmarket:

Your modernistic drawings are certainly good and your stories are splendid. Could some more jokes not be included?

"Scarboro Bluff," Scarboro, Ont.

The photographs of your students are particularly good and your cover is excellent. We suggest a few more drawings.

"Northland Echo":

Your stories are exceptionally good for a school magazine.

"The Argosy of Commerce," Ottawa: An excellent magazine. Would it not be better to keep the jokes separate from the advertisements?

The "Slogan" wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

"Trinity University Review."

"The Black and Gold," St. John's College School.

"Hatfield Hall Magazine," Cobourg, Ont.

"Canoe Lake Camp Echoes."

"The Albanian," St. Albans, Brockville.

"St. Andrew's College Review," Aurora.

"Trafalgar Echoes," Montreal.

"Eastern Echo," Eastern High School of Commerce.

"Bishop Strachan School Magazine," Toronto.

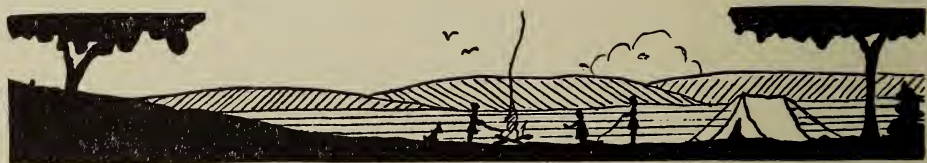
"Intra Muros," St. Clement's School, Toronto.

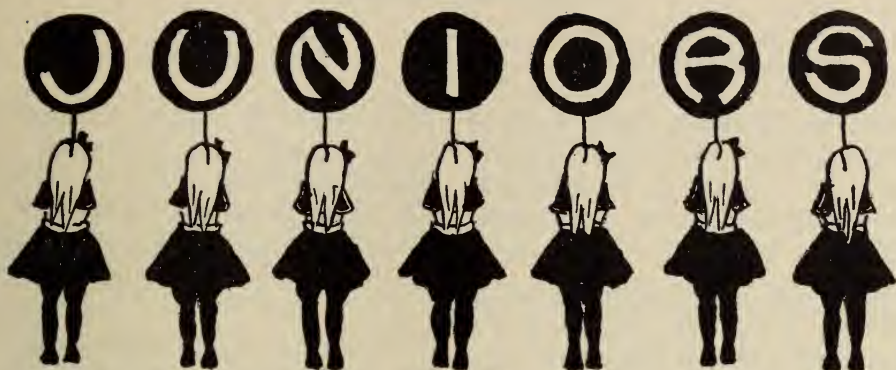
"The Pibroch," Strathallan School, Hamilton.

"The School Times," Upper Canada College, Toronto.

"Lower Canada College Magazine," Montreal.

MARY BECKER
(Clan Campbell).





In Early Morn

In early morn when I awake
I think of all the lovely things
That I might do to-day,
But instead of all that lovely fun
I sit in school,
And drum, and drum, and drum.
But, at one fifteen
We grab our books
We do not care about our looks,
Then hurry home
And get a bite
Of whatever there's in sight,
Then back to school
To have some sports,
Which are usually played
On Branksome courts.

JOAN MITCHELL, Jr. IV.

Arithmetic

Arithmetic
Makes me sick,
When other people are so quick
And my problems stick.

I'm not so quick as John and Kate,
I always seem to come in late,
Then they cry out, "Use your pate."
But 'Rithmetic is what I hate!

BARBARA PARKER, Jr. IV.

Pip and Squeak

Once upon a time there was a little girl. Her name was Christine. Just the day before Easter two little bunnies came to her house. Their names were Pip and Squeak. Christine was delighted. She brought them to school one day. Pip was grey and Squeak was white. One day Pip was lost. Squeak was very sad and so was Christine. She looked everywhere for Pip and at last she found her. Poor little Pip was lying in somebody's garbage can. She was so frightened, she was shivering all over. Christine lifted poor little Pip out and took her home, and after that I am quite sure she took better care of them both.

JOCELYN HODGE, Jr. II.

Winnie-the-Pooh

I and Christopher went to the Zoo,
We saw some monkeys and Winnie-the-Pooh.

He saw some honey, and wasn't it funny?

For I love honey too.

BARBARA RAWLINSON and

JOYCE PHILLIPS, Jr. IV.

An Adventure

Children in books always seem to have adventures while real children never do, so some of us decided to have an adventure if we possibly could.

There was an old ruined house on the edge of the ravine which had a stone wall around it and a little summer house in the garden. We decided to visit this house. It was very muddy and as we climbed up we noticed footmarks. From one part of the house we heard ghostly sounds, so we peeped in the window. To our horror we saw four tramps sleeping soundly on the ground, groaning and snoring. So this house was not for adventurers after all, but for tramps! We left a note for them saying: "Beware, a policeman was here!"

A week later we made another visit to the "Tramps' Castle," as we now called it. We had written on a piece of paper: "If you do not go away, ten policemen will come here tonight." We threw it in the door. Unknown to us a tramp was inside. He read the note and came out.

"So these are the young policemen!" he said.

"Yes," we answered, shyly.

"Well, miss, the police allowed us to sleep here and this proves it," and he showed us a paper signed by the constable.

That was our first and last adventure and I, for one, do not want any more.

MARIA DE KRESZ, Sr. IV.

The Vagabond

I'm a vagabond, dragging my load
Along a winding woodland road,
And on either side of me
Just as far as the eye can see
A wonderful carpet of leaves, I behold
A colourful mass of red and gold.

And as my weary footsteps drag,
The falling leaves are playing tag,
And each one seems to be saying to me,
"Come, don't be tired, play tag with me."

On I walk, filled with joy, ahead,
For when I'm tired, I've leaves for a bed.

BARBARA PARKER, Jr. IV.



Roses

Roses are pink,
Roses are white,
Roses are yellow,
Their colours are very bright.
Roses are mixed,
Roses are red,
Perhaps Jack Frost has nipped them
And they have none instead.

MARGARET HOGARTH,

Jr. III.

Tables

Two feet I know equal one whole
yard;

I know that for I've studied it hard.

Five and one-half rods equal one mile.

I'm almost finished, now I smile.

One mile equals 1760 feet,

I know that for I wrote it neat.

But when I glance at the teacher's face

I sit down crying in my place.

I tried so hard to learn them right,

I tried with all my heart and might.

BARBARA PARKER, Jr. IV.



Camp

The bugle sounds, the camp awakes,

To new and joyful things,

Soaring above the soft blue lakes

The oriole sings and sings.

Out of their beds the campers spring,

And dress in haste to start the day,

After breakfast our duties begin,

And everyone is happy and gay.

KATHRYN GOODERHAM,

Jr. IV.

The Magic Iron

Once upon a time there was in a shop a nice shiny iron; it was indeed a nice iron. Everybody that saw it admired it.

At last an old lady came in and bought it. But just as she was taking it home it dropped, but did not break. Yet there was one thing very funny, when it dropped it lost its shine. So the old lady took it back, but when she put it on the counter, it danced away. It went as far as the old lady's house and then it went in. Now, it happened that the lady's Sunday dress had to be ironed. It was already on the ironing board. So the iron jumped on the ironing board and began to iron the dress. When it was finished it jumped down and ran out of the house.

Meanwhile the shop was in great confusion. Then the iron jumped on the counter and everything went right again. The old lady went home and when she saw the dress already ironed, she was much surprised. Then she guessed what had happened, so she went back to the shop and bought the iron again, and she and the iron lived happily ever after.

MARGARET HOGARTH,

Jr. III.

My Pussy

I have a little pussy cat,

And he is smooth and round and fat.

He often used to run away,

I told him that he should obey.

And he is, oh, so full of play.

He has a tiny little ball

Which he rolls about the hall,

And every morn when I'm in bed,

He comes and scratches at the head.

NANCY MANN, Jr. III.

Fairy Fay

I am tired of this dreary world,
I'd like to sail away
On a great big magic carpet,
To the land called Fairy Fay.

Fairy Fay is a beautiful land,
Where tiny fairies dance on the sand.
Their houses are made of cockle shell,
And each little house has a tiny wee bell.

They don't eat nasty things like rice,
They eat cookies and candies and
everything nice.
They don't go to the dentist there,
Their teeth are real pearls so fair.

They don't have a bath every day,
They just dance and sing in the spray.
They are as happy as can be,
And can ask anyone in to tea.

CHRISTINE PEARSE, Sr. III.

Skipper

"Lost! Lost! The words seemed to ring in Jimmy's ears. "Impossible," he argued with himself. "Yet," he said, half aloud, "the garbage man had said so."

Jimmy was a little street urchin, having no parents that he knew of, so people called him plain "Jimmy". Two years before he had found a lost "Scottie" with no collar and had kept him. The two slept together on the streets and ate what people gave them.

Two weeks later Jimmy was walking past Saint Paul's Cathedral thinking about "Skipper", as he called the dog. How he missed the little fellow! The morning was bright, and although it was only six o'clock, many people

were out on the streets. Jimmy's eyes were moving restlessly around, when he saw a rough-looking man walking along holding a dog under his coat. "Skipper," Jimmy gasped, when he saw the dog, who gave a joyful yelp as he recognized his master.

"Ah ha," said Jimmy to himself, "I thought that my dog ran away, but I guess he was stolen. He thought quickly. Certainly something would have to be done if he was to regain "Skipper". The man had evidently not seen him, so if he crept up behind and kicked him he might drop the dog. He tried this. The blow was so unexpected that the startled man dropped "Skipper" and went sprawling on the sidewalk. Two policemen came rushing to the rescue and Jimmy told them his story. They were very sorry for him and gave him ten pounds, for the man had been wanted by the police for five years.

JOYCE CAUDWELL, Sr. IV.

A Fair Country

The cliffs are decked with amethyst
And below is the water blue.
The skies are of golden lacquer
And the land is kissed with dew.

The land that brings up history
Of heroes staunch and brave,
Evangeline and her lover,
The Empire Loyalists' grave.

The glens are thick with hemlocks,
And babbling brooks run through,
The birds still sing on the tree-tops,
And Blomidon comes into view.

NANCY HETHRINGTON,
Jr. IV.

Mr. Brown, The Owl

Mr. Brown, the owl, is so wise,
In a contest he wins the prize.
When there are quarrels in the town
The very best lawyer is Mr. Brown.

He watches the stars through the
night,
In the dark he has good sight.
He's teacher in the fairy schools,
When he's around they keep all the
rules.

He writes history on a tree,
And he also tells it to me.
He would never eat fruit or rice,
But he's always on the watch for mice.
To fairies he'll give good advice,
And then, you see, he's very nice.
But when he's cross and has a frown,
He's really the old Mr. Brown.

MARIA DE KRESZ, Sr. IV.

The Pet Shop

There is a Pet Shop on the sixth floor
Of a down town store.
There are kittens small, and kittens
big,
Doggies too and a guinea pig.
There are some monkeys, too.
Some fish that with big eyes look at
you.

PATRICIA WHITTALL, Jr. IV.

Likes and Dislikes

I don't like Arithmetic
I don't like Grammar,
And I often wish
I was at home with my hammer.

I don't like Subtraction
I don't like French,
And I often think
I'm on a hard board bench.

I'm going to make a playhouse
As soon as I come from school.
I'm going home this minute
If I do break the rule.

But I do like Gym.
And I do like sewing.
I do like Literature
And I do like drawing.

ELEANOR REED, Jr. IV.

The Tide

I love to watch the tide go out
When evening's close at hand,
The sea fades gently farther out
And leaves the yellow sand.

No sound disturbs that perfect peace,
No human being near,
The lapping waves will gently cease
And leave me standing here.

BARBARA PARKER, Jr. IV.



The Sea

I love to sit on a rocky ledge
 Jutting out over the sea,
 And hear the breakers booming
 Far down on the rocks below.
 And as I look over the gloomy sea
 I see a lonely seagull flying home.
 The dull gray of his wings matching
 the colour of the sky.
 Slowly he fades away into the distance,
 leaving me once more alone.
 As I sit on that lonely ledge
 Sad thoughts come to me,
 Things which I could not express—
 And yet somehow I feel glad.

BARBARA PARKER

(Clan Douglas).

Buttercups

Buttercups of gold,
 Couldn't be sold
 For much money,
 But they're sweet as honey.

And every night
 When there is no light
 They curl up tight.
 PENELOPE WALDIE, Sr. III.

The Seaside

As we go walking
 Along the seashore blue,
 The waves rush in the shores.
 We go swimming
 The waves rush over our heads and
 very high, too.
 The ships come sailing in,
 And make a pretty scene,
 And the waves start rocking the ships
 to and fro.
 Maybe it's the wind along the sea-
 shore blue.

AUDREY LOCKSLEY

(Clan McLean).

Autumn

In Autumn when the leaves come
 down
 They make a lovely carpet round,
 Leaving the trees undressed,
 Looking quite nice, but not their best.

And when they are raked in golden
 piles
 In the distance they look like little
 hills.
 And in the hills, for miles and miles
 The children jump in them with smiles.
 NANCY WALKER, Jr. IV.





View of New Colas Courts, built by the Brobst Forestry Co.



Miss B. to Chemistry Class: "For Monday we will take arsenic."

Miss J. (during Geometry): "Now if you had a figure like mine."

G. S.: Why, I thought it was called ptomaine poisoning on account of your "tummy".

Miss A. (during French Grammar review for examinations): "Now, remember girls to watch your relatives very carefully."

Miss P. (after lunch): "I would like to speak to the table over near the door."

J. M.: "Do you mind if I use you for a joke, Yvonne?"

One of our bright Branksomites is reported to have stood before the mirror with her eyes shut to see how beautiful she looked when asleep.

Miss R. (during rehearsal of the Operetta): "Nora will now sing her duet."



Howlers From Examination Papers

Question: Name two places where Napoleon was executed.

Cleopatra was one of the plagues of the Nile.

The molars are in the tips of the fingers.

Egypt is on the Red Sea, just where it was when the Pharaohs ruled it.

Name five senses and state organ connected with each.

1. Sound—mouth.

Miss R.: "Name some of the Old Testament prophets."

M. T.: "Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus."

Miss S.: "Margaret, tell us about vitamin C."

M. (dramatically): "Vitamin C was discovered by guinea pigs."

Miss R.: "What is the Renaissance?"

Pupil: "Part of the Mohammedan religion."

M. C. (in Latin class): "How did they get their boats along?"

(General answer): "With oars."

Miss C.: "That's right, with roars."

Teacher: "Listen to the following passage and tell me what you think it means: 'L'ours liu donne des coups de griffes, le serre contre son poitrail, le secorie clans tous les sens.'"

Pupil: "Sounds like a love scene to me!"

Teacher: "Name five manufactured products of Germany."

Pupil: "Cotton goods, woollen goods, sausages and music teachers."

Teacher: "Why is the district along the Tweed River suitable for the production of wool?"

Pupil: "Because the soil is good for the growth of it."

Teacher (explaining to class): "Remember, girls, x always stands for the unknown quantity. Now who can tell me what this stands for?" (Writing on board $9x^3$).

Pupil: "Nine unknown triplets."





This Depression!

Memories

On an evening in summer one bygone
year,
I went for a stroll with a friend living
near.
We wandered about, as the evening
grew dark,
Through the beautiful grounds of a
nearby park.

When the sun had completely retired
from view,
The sky was transformed to a lovely,
dark blue.
A slender young moon in the sky that
night,
Struggled bravely but vainly to keep
things light.

We rambled around until we tired our
feet,
Then we rested ourselves on a new
park seat,

Enjoying the air scent-laden with
flowers,
And the charm of the night's most
magical hours.

There was a pleasant rustle in nearby
trees
As the leaves were caressed by a
passing breeze.
The noises of numerous insects around
Were blended to make a most musical
sound.

It is often said that a night of this
kind
Is likely to leave a clear imprint be-
hind,
That was true in this case—please
pardon my sigh—
For the paint on the park bench had
not been dry.

HELEN STEPHENS
(Clan Stewart).

Of Arms I Sing--A Parody

Of Branksome I sing and the girls
who have come from the western
coasts in search of education to To-
ronto on the lake shore. Much were
they shaken on railways, by the Can-
adian National and the Canadian
Pacific, because of the anxiety to reach
the halls of Branksome. Many things
did happen there until the end of
exams., when they bore home honours
and prizes. Because of this came
other girls for the same purpose to the
citadels of lofty Branksome.

MARY HUTTON
(Clan MacGregor).

The Douglas Clan

The Douglas clan is best of all,
We hardly ever have a fall.
Last year the banner by us was won
And this year we work before our fun.

The chieftain is our old pal Jean,
In badminton she's 'specially keen.
Anna Mackay's our second hope,
For many things are within her scope.

Although we led them all before,
We're beaten now by more'n a score.
But we'll still play on with a happy
face,

And try to excel the others' pace.
JANET GARFIELD
(Clan Douglas).



10 o'clock p.m.

(With apologies to Tennyson)

Who is she that cometh, on tiptoe
down the hall,

With not a sound or peep, but creeps
beside the wall,

With a wrathful face, so fierce, so
grim, so tall?

Branksome boarders, this is she
Who will gate you on Saturday.

MARY BECKER
(Clan Campbell).

History is my weakness,
Geometry is taboo,
But when it comes to algebra
There's nothing I can do.

I know that two and two
Make four,
And five and one are six,
But when it comes to A's
And B's
Then I am in a fix.

M. RAYMOND
(Clan Campbell).

Ethyl and Methyl

Ethyl and Methyl are two little fish,
They swim every day in a little round
dish.

Ethyl has three tails and Methyl has
two,

But they both look alike, to me and
to you.

They sit on the table, every long day
And beneath them a cover, so scarlet
and gay.

MARGARET SPEERS,
(Clan MacGregor).





Officers

Hon. President—Miss Read.
 President—Phyllis Hollinrake.
 1st Vice-President—Isabel Ross.
 2nd Vice-President—Vivienne Lewis.
 Secretary—Isabel Wilson.
 Treasurer—Margaret Donald.
 Treasurer of Building Fund—Jean Morton.
 Slogan Representative—Ainslie McMichael.

Committee—Katherine Boyd, Marjorie Evans Britt, Phyllis Calvert, Betty Corrigan, Mabel Russell Davey, Flora Featherstonhaugh Deeks, Sylvia Lyon Deyell, Beryl Draper, Beatrice Drury, Mildred Eaton, Marjorie Gillbard, Sheila Lee, Isabel Clemes Leishman, Eleanor Lyle, Jean McIntosh, Louise MacLennan Whitehead, Mary McLean, Madeline Rogers Peers, Helen Richardson, Margaret Withers.



PERSONALS

To the great delight of Branksome old girls throughout the West, Miss Read went to the Pacific coast last summer, visiting Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria. In Winnipeg a luncheon was held at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, June twentieth. Those present were:—Isabel Ivey Chester, Marjorie Hazelwood, Sybil Kneeland Martin, Marjorie Fraser, Marjorie Preston, Ethel Wadge MacLennan, Dorothy Trueman Rebitt, Margaret Scott, Kathleen Burrows, Geraldine Stephenson Bull, Gladys Brock Martin, Agnes and Marjorie Baird, Nora Bell, Constance Crawford Brown, Alice Reynolds Campbell, Beta Ross McKibben, Ruth Kingsland Chapman, Elinor Stovel, Ora Forster, Jane Ryan, Eleanor Ryan Armstrong, Isabel Adams, Frances Kilvert Munro, Barbara Munro and Edith Anderson Joyce. Mrs. D. M. Duncan (Miss Matheson) was present also. Marjorie Hazelwood is President of the Winnipeg branch and Kathleen Burrows, Secretary-Treasurer.

Those present at a luncheon in Calgary were:—Marguerite Williamson, Ruth Carlyle, Lorraine and Velda Pendray, Flora Macleod, Doris Ovens, Evelyn Sears Sears, Hazel Wilkinson and Edith Garbutt. Miss S. E. G. Macdonald, who is now principal of St. Hilda's School, also attended.

In Regina Miss Read had luncheon with Muriel Allan and went driving with Margaret Anderson in the afternoon.

Clare Brown, last year's Head Girl, and now "Slogan" Representative of the Vancouver branch of the Alumnae Association, sends the following account of the luncheon held in that city:

"Thanks to the efforts of Irma Brock Fellowes and Anna Greig, who went to a great deal of work to assemble alumnae who had long been out of touch, a group of thirty gathered at the Georgia Hotel on July fourth to form a Vancouver branch. That meeting was particularly memorable because Miss Read herself was here to see that we got properly started. It was a great treat for all of us to have her with us, and for the older members of the Alumnae

especially, to hear her account of the growth of the school and of the improvements and changes that had taken place through long years of progress. But all was not seriousness, Miss Read's characteristic humour was irrepressible when it came to anecdotes of the 'good old days', and as some of the almost antique photographs were passed around, comments were sometimes complimentary and sometimes—well, shall I say amusing?

We must not omit our thanks to Anna Greig for an attractive and clever table scheme which carried out the Branksome colours in a crepe paper panel running the length of the table and a huge centre of red and white sweet peas. We had a private dining-room but I think our laughter must have echoed to the four winds, so gay we were! During the luncheon everyone was asked to stand and give their name and date of graduation, and election of officers was made in accordance with priority of time.

President—Edith Mason Sawers.

1st Vice-President—Lennie Macdonald Price.

2nd Vice-President—Marjorie Busteed.

Secretary—Irma Brock Fellowes.

Treasurer—Anna Greig.

"Slogan" Representative—Clare Brown.

Others present were:—Mary Stewart, Virginia Lefurgey, Margaret Riggs, Margaret Macleod, Barbara Hutton, Margaret Kingston, Mary Sutherland, Margaret Turnbull, Florence Campbell, Mary Macdonald Nicholson, Louise Spencer, Mary Brown, Rae Wilson, Isabel Campbell Rogers, Eileen Newham Foreman, Dorothy Adams Baker, Mary Waldie McGregor, Isabel Thomas Day, Irlma Kennedy and Betty McNeely.

Margaret Macleod is teaching at Powell River and Margaret Turnbull is nursing. Anna Greig is doing voluntary work at the Vancouver General Hospital. Grace McGaw has a position in the Social Hygiene Education Association, San Francisco. Eileen Newham Foreman was in California this winter. Irlma Kennedy took a trip to New York and Toronto last autumn. Molly Forin is completing her senior matric. Barbara Hutton took a course in dressmaking at the School of Useful Arts. Mary Stewart is studying vocal in New York and has given one recital. Virginia Lefurgey is interested in the Junior Social Service League. Betty McNeely, Betty Gordon and Clare Brown are attending the University of British Columbia.

During Miss Read's visit to Vancouver, Louise and Trudeau Spencer gave a most delightful Branksome tea.

In Victoria Mary Clay arranged a little tea-party, which gave Mary Martin, Mona Miller, Margaret Campbell Tyson and Marjorie Angus Hansen an opportunity of seeing Miss Read. Mary Clay has a position in a business office and Mona Miller is teaching Physical Education in the Victoria High School.

Irla Mueller, Elizabeth Brydon, Charlotte Abbott and Lillice Read went

to Denmark with Miss Smellie last summer. They took a course in Physical Training at the Niels Bukh school and were most enthusiastic about the Danes and their country. Irla is attending Western University, Lillice is at Toronto University in the department of Public Health Nursing, Charlotte is at Queen's and Elizabeth at Macdonald Hall, Guelph.

Betty Clancey is in her first year Arts, University College, Shirley McEvoy at Trinity, Ruth Stock and Florence Wilson at Victoria. Lillian Kribs, Catherine McBurney, Constance McNeill, Margaret Robb, Lois Tedman, June Warren and Christine Auld are among those graduating from 'Varsity this year.

Gladys Urquhart is, at present, living in St. Petersburg, Florida, and is attending college there. Margaret Anderson of Regina is attending the University of Saskatchewan. Marjorie Gray, who graduates from Queen's this year, is President of Ban Righ Hall. Margaret Boyd and Florence Bibby also graduated this year from that same University and those in their first year include Hope Thompson, Grace Bone, Margaret Graham and Isabel Neill.

Jeanne Goulding is President of the Women's Residence at McGill and has been, this year, awarded a scholarship in English. Last summer Audrey Shaw obtained a scholarship which entitled her to attend the McGill Summer French school. Miriam Ames was granted a Fellowship last June and is attending the University of Chicago.

Ruth Rutherford is secretary of the Women's Undergraduate Association at Varsity and Betty Piersol and Roma Wilson have been taking the Librarian course. Gretchen Heyd is at the Ontario College of Education. Ora Forster, who is attending college in Winnipeg, is editor of its magazine, "The Academician." Jane Ryan is taking a course in cooking at the Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

Margaret Donald and Catherine McBurney are members of the University College Alumnae Dramatic Club and had roles in the play "Nine Till Six," which the club produced in March. A number of old girls took part in the Junior League Revue, namely, Barbara Lee, Sylvia Lyon Deyell, Gwynneth and Elizabeth Osborne, Phyllis May, Jessica Johnston Phippen, Lorna McLean Sheard, who, by the way, has recently moved to Montreal to live, Sheila Lee, Anna Mae Hees Smith and Jean Hanna Allward. Marion Baillie Green was one of the patronesses and Mabel Clark Drew-Brook was chairman of the publicity committee. Amy McLean was one of the "sisters, cousins and aunts" and Molly Sclater a drill midshipman in the Victoria College Music Club production of "H.M.S. Pinafore," which was presented the week of February 7th. Clara Farrell took the part of Maria in "Twelfth Night," the play the Faculty Players of Queen's University produced the first week in February. June Warren was "Lady Bountiful" and Margaret Farmer "Cherry" in the "Beaux Stratagem" which the Trinity College Dramatic Society presented at Hart House last December. Margaret also took part in a debate against two

members of maritime universities held under the auspices of the Women's Debating Union.

Constance Cann Wolf is managing-director of the Metropolitan Theatre, Philadelphia, the only woman theatre manager in that city.

Marjorie Gillbard is National Secretary of the I.O.D.E. and went to Edmonton in May for the Annual Meeting of the Order.

Nancy Wilson Lord and her husband are spending a year in Germany and Joyce Tedman is attending the University of Munich. Isabel Ross spent the winter abroad. Phyllis Hollinrake sailed January 31st on the Mediterranean cruise and returned to Toronto in May, full of enthusiasm for her delightful trip. During her absence Jean Morton was acting President of the Alumnae. Vera Dunlop spent three months in England this spring and Katherine Scott left for London in March, having been sent over by her firm to obtain further experience. Helen Burns Drynan and her husband, who are living in England, had a three weeks' cruise in January, North Africa, Spain, Tunis and Gibraltar. Margaret Phippen McKee and Pauline Stanbury Woolworth spent the winter on the Mediterranean on the latter's yacht. Mary Sutherland was in Malta for Christmas.

Mizpah Sussex Lithgow visited Winnipeg and Vancouver in March and saw a number of the old girls. Mary Hendrie Cumming was in Toronto in September and on her return to England left, with her husband, on a trip to South Africa. They flew in a thirty-passenger plane from London to Cape-town. Esther de Beauregard Ketchum spent New Year's in Bermuda; while there she saw Esther Outerbridge. The latter is a member of the Bermuda Opera Club and was busy preparing to take part in the "Pirates of Penzance."

Marie Parkes attended the bi-annual convention of the Delta Gamma fraternity, New England and Middle Atlantic States division, held in New York in February. Marie is second vice-president of the division. Phyllis Calvert spent April in Olean, N.Y., visiting St. Claire Macdonald MacKendrick. St. Claire is continuing with her portrait painting and is doing some work for the coming Chicago Fair. Hope Gibson Smith went to Portland, Oregon, in May, where her marriage to Mr. Victor B. James took place. Margery Watson and Betty Corrigan were bridesmaids for Alice Watson Fleming. Phyllis May performed the same office for Constance Davies Muspratt, and Margaret McGlashan and Margaret Estabrooks Osborne were Eleanor Ross Stewart's bridesmaids last June.

Mary Bates and her family are, at present, living in England. Mary is attending school at Malvern and is the only Canadian among four hundred girls. Peggy Waldie, Mary Kingsmill, Cynthia and Virginia Copping are in residence at "Elmwood," Ottawa. After leaving Branksome, Margaret Smyth Smith, who was married last June, spent some years at McGill and then joined the Y.W.C.A. as Girls' Work Secretary. Margaret Withers is teaching swimming at the school and Physical Training in the junior school. Helen Glennie is in charge of the Typewriting and Stenography classes at Branksome and

Helen Halford is teaching Art at Havergal. Mary Parsons is Physical Training Instructress in a health club in Owen Sound.

Edith Brown was recently elected President of the Ontario Dental Nurses and Muriel Oakley and Marion Breay have been taking the Dental Nurses' course this winter. Helen Bell won the Sir John Eaton prize for General Proficiency in the Intermediate year at the Wellesley Hospital last June. Nursing is a popular profession with old girls, it seems. Those in their first year of training at various hospitals are Edith Innes at the Wellesley, Eva Lehmann at the Sick Children's and Olive Clemons and Betty Faulkner at the Royal Victoria, Montreal.

During the winter Eileen Odevaine read a paper before the Nova Scotia Historical Society entitled "A Tour of Nova Scotia in 1785". Jacqueline Dumaresq spent February in Montreal and Frances Whitman was in Montreal and Toronto in May. Margaret McInnes Roy is living in London, Ontario. Kathleen MacDougall was married last August to Mr. Gerald Andrew and is living in New York.

Peggy Hearne Larr was in Toronto last summer before sailing for the Philippines, where her husband, who is in the United States army, is to be stationed for the next two years. Margaret Estabrooks Osborne, who was married in St. John in March, is living in Toronto, as are also Isabel Lindsay Dudley, Isabel Adams, Violet Mulock Phillips and Dorothy Cassels Telfer. Eileen Magill is also in town, living at the Margaret Eaton residence, and is secretary to the secretary of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs.

Frances Mulock Johnston is President and Helen Spence first Vice-President of the Women's Twentieth Century Club. Helen Coatsworth is convener of the Household Science Committee of the Visiting Housekeepers' Association. Elizabeth Walton is one of the social workers of the mental clinic in connection with the Ontario Hospital, Whitby.

The following girls "Came out" this year: Betty Connell, Vera Dunlop, Willo Love, Jane Bastedo, Jane Aitken, Shirley McEvoy, Caroline Bull, Marion McLaren, Margaret and Nora Eaton.

Jean McMichael passed the winter in New Orleans and Ruth Stewart was in Philadelphia in April. Margaret Lemon and her family had a house in Toronto for the winter months.

Among the latest additions to Branksome of the daughters of old girls are those of Mary Hanna Hall, Ruth Curry Austin, Muriel Bicknell Keachie and Margaret Phippen McKee in the day school. Grace Cochrane Davey sends us a niece and Barbara Hutton, Grace Bone, Natalie Campbell, Eva Lehmann, Ruth Carlyle, Janet Rally, Audrey Shaw and Nancy Wright Pengilly sent sisters who are in residence. The following became Life Members of the Alumnae this year:—Lillice Read, Irla Mueller and Caroline Bull.

Agnes Thom is taking vocal lessons and sings in the choir of Knox Church.

Gretchen Gray obtained the gold medal at the Margaret Eaton School last June and is teaching at St. Hilda's, Calgary. She spent Easter in Victoria.

Norah Fletcher, who also graduated from the same school last June, spent the summer teaching swimming at the municipal pools.

Patricia Terrill was in town recently from Medicine Hat. She is on the staff of the Medicine Hat News. Phyllis Becker is doing Interior Decoration in connection with one of the shops in that same town.

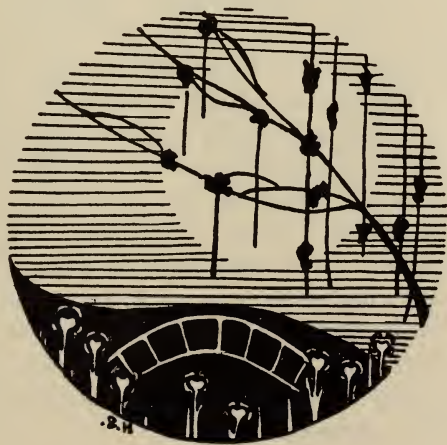
Muriel Shewan Grant, who lives in Ames, Iowa, spent last summer at her home in Brandon, and Florence Drury Boucher, who is living in Westmount, P.Q., spent Easter in Toronto.

A letter was received from Barbara Mitchell in January, but beyond saying that she was an enthusiastic player of badminton, she did not say what else she was doing.

Peggy Foster Watkins has a most attractive dress shop, known as "Kiki's", at 77 Gerrard St. West, and almost next door Sybil Croll and a friend have a studio where they do Interior Decorating. Nadine Angstrom's attractive shop is on the Highway at Oakville, where all sorts of hand-woven articles may be bought. She also has a gift shop in connection with it. Speaking of shops, Katherine Strickland and Elizabeth Osborne were two of those responsible for the one where many and varied things could be purchased in aid of the Rupert's Land Restoration Fund.

Word has just been received that Clare Brown has won the Shaw Memorial Scholarship for highest rank in English and History, Second Year Arts, University of British Columbia. Congratulations, Clare!

The following old girls visited the school: Constance Cann Wolf, Helen Anderson (Alsask), Mary Hendrie Cumming, Valerie Franklin Jones, Margaret and Mary Kingston, Justine Campbell, Marian Plaunt, Gladys Urquhart, Charlotte Abbott, Eleanor Henry, Ethel Jackson Wallace, Patricia Terrill, Irla Mueller, Elizabeth Brydon, Frances Whitman, Ida May Groll Leininger, Ruth McRoberts Pickard; the two last bringing their husbands with them.



The following is an extract from a letter to Miss Read from an old girl, Mary Hendrie Cumming, describing the house in London in which, until recently, she had been living.

"It is nearly eight months since we left Pitt House with all its atmosphere of bygone times, now somewhat hazy but never to be forgotten. I find it difficult to adjust myself to write a faithful description of that glorious old house when I am, as now, in the heart of London with the distant roar of buses and perpetual rush and noise of 1932, and where there seems to be no place for the shade of William Pitt. I will, however, try to describe the house to you as it appeared to me. It stands in a large garden and on the very edge of Hampstead Heath, and to reach the front drive one must pass a rather modern-looking public house. This building, in spite of its gaudy and rich dress, is one of the most famous public houses in London. It was connected to Pitt House by a secret underground passage into which Dick Turpin would disappear when his pursuers became dangerously close; but now, I'm told, the passage has been closed up. The driveway to the large stucco house is not very long and in a minute one is standing in front of a fine old oak door which, on being opened, allows an air of kind hospitality to escape and with it comes a strange scent of age. Most of the house has been left as it was in the time of William Pitt the Younger, except for the Council Chamber, which has been slightly altered; but one can still picture to oneself Pitt sitting between the two large pillars with the window behind.

Pitt's bedroom is rather small, and off it is an even tinier room, which has in it a fireplace, almost doll's house size; there is room in this tiny place for a chair, a desk and a small table. Through the window one gets an entrancing view. Near the fireplace is what appears to be the door of a little cupboard; however, on opening it, one finds only another door which swings outwards into the passage beyond. Between the two doors is a space large enough for a tray and this is what it was used for, since it appears that Pitt would refuse for days to see anyone, not even the servant who brought his food. He would lock himself into his tiny room and there at his desk in the window, plan, write and brood.

Pitt suffered most horribly from gout, and at one particular time when the King sent for him he was unable to obey the royal command, being crippled and in bed with a very bad attack of this malady. The matter to be discussed was very urgent so the King was forced to go to Pitt House which, in those days, was considered quite a drive into the country. (It now takes twenty minutes in a car from Marble Arch.) As it was mid-winter the Monarch arrived in a considerable state of chill, and, on going up to Pitt's bedroom, bemoaned the fact that he had to sit in so icy an atmosphere and talk, shivering the while. Pitt had no better suggestion to offer than that he should get into bed with him, where they could then discuss everything in warmth and comfort, with which suggestion His Majesty at once, without a moment's hesitation or even removing his boots, complied.

Pitt the Younger was born May 28th, 1759, and died January 23rd, 1806, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day on which he first took his seat in Parliament. Macaulay says that Pitt was supremely great as a Peace Statesman and a hopeless failure as War Minister. However, that he was really a great Prime Minister there is no doubt, checked and thwarted as he was by an ignorant and insane king and by an imperfect Parliamentary representation.

After the battle of Trafalgar, at a dinner given in the Guild Hall on Lord Mayor's Day, in replying to a toast, he said:—"Let us hope that England, having saved herself by her energy may save Europe by her example." These were the last words he ever uttered in public and seem strangely fitting for today.

On the walls of Pitt House are relics of Charles the Second, priceless museum pieces and Vandyke portraits. Such gems that one wonders will the Moderns give to the future pictures which our descendants will look at with a faster heart beat and a thrill which is almost unexplained but which those glorious old canvases give to most of us today."



Births

Jean McKay Beattie, a daughter, May 30th.
Rita Bristol Foster, a son, June 10th.
Mary Rowell Jackman, a son, June 10th.
Margaret McQueen Heard, a son, July 14th.
Kathleen Gallagher Leak, a son, July 21st.
Grace Cochrane Davey, a daughter, July 23rd.
Marion Brewster Ross, a daughter, July 26th.
Amy Davidge Hector, a son, July 29th.
Aileen Milne Bain, a son, July 30th.
Eleanor Cutcliffe Brook, a son, August 13th.
Joan Hannay Cummings, a daughter, August 14th.
Marjorie McGillivray Armstrong, a daughter, August 19th.
Corrie Cowie Barber, a daughter, August 26th.
Muriel Zybach McBurney, a daughter, September 9th.
Helen Smith Harper, a son, September 24th.
Mary Rodger Collier, a daughter, September 30th.
Marion Watson Mackay, a daughter, October 10th.
Marjorie Wright Cliff, a son, October 21st.
Helen Holmes Broughall, a son, October 29th.
Lenore Gooderham Cherry, a son, November 7th.
Betty King Smith Cassels, a daughter, November 20th.
Helen Gibson Dafoe, a son, December 3rd.
Margaret Macdonald Slater, a daughter, December 7th.
Alison King Wooster, a son.
Mary Baird Wilson, a son, December 13th.
Virginia Outerbridge Cooper, a son, December.
Aveleigh Wallace Malcolm, a daughter, December 22nd.
Dorothy Rason Lyon, a daughter, December 23rd.
Elinor Bluck Butterfield, a son, December 24th.
Margaret Barrett Eldridge, a son, January 17th.
Katherine Aitken Lloyd, a son.
Flora Featherstonhaugh Deeks, a son, February 12th.
Margaret Parker Somers, a son, February 26th.
Dorothy Kennedy Smith, a daughter, March 7th.
Marjorie Reid Jackson, a son, March 9th.
Jean McIntosh Brown, a daughter, March 17th.
Elizabeth Ramsay Cumpston, a daughter, March 26th.
Lorna Somerville Crane, a daughter, April 5th.
Phyllis Langdon Edwards, a son, April 5th.
Edith Coleman Warren, a son, April 10th.
Helen Goring Chaplin, a son.
Doreen Shaw Griffin, a daughter, April 10th.

Jean Francis Avery, a daughter, April 17th.
 Bessie McPherson Armstrong, a son, April 24th.
 Margaret Morton Lightbourn, a daughter, April 29th.
 Jean Aitken McLintock, a son.
 Marjorie Lyon Wigle, a daughter, May 1st.

Marriages

Ida May Groll to Hugh Leininger, May 15th.
 Isabel Cowan Grange to W. Chester Butler, June 1st.
 Margaret Sanderson to Patrick Ruddock Neely, June 15th.
 Margaret Hart to Dr. Arthur Coulson Fowler, June.
 Margaret Beaton to David Hanna Marshall, June 16th.
 St. Claire Macdonald to John N. MacKendrick, June 18th.
 Jean Renfrew to Douglas G. Lawrence, June 18th.
 Margaret Smyth to Rev. R. Douglas Smith, June 18th.
 Eleanor Ross to Charles Douglas Stewart, June 18th.
 Louise Maclellan McIntosh to Armand T. Whitehead, June 23rd.
 Georgina Carman to John Tennant Bryden, June 25th.
 Helen Findlay to James O. Plaxton, June 25th.
 Ruth Goulding to William Otis Lentz, July 9th.
 Hilda Huestis to Kenneth G. MacDuffee, July 9th.
 Lois Mackay to Roy Westland, July 14th.
 Isobel Lindsay to Dr. Dudley A. Irwin, July.
 Helen Parsons to Dr. Edward Waller Flahiff, July 25th.
 Margaret Fraser to Keith Orman Pearsall, July 25th.
 Anderena Cornell to Edward Cooper Campbell, August 24th.
 Phyllis Jones to J. Ross Byrne, September 7th.
 Nancy Wilson to George Ross Lord, September 10th.
 Clarice Willoughby to Chas. G. B. Nichols, October 21st.
 Doris Taylor to Robert Henry Suter, October 22nd.
 Marjorie Hutchins Bennett to John Meredith Pearce, November 11th.
 Esther de Beauregard to Kenneth G. B. Ketchum, December 26th.
 Eleanor Wilson to Leighton Dale Reid, December 27th.
 Margaret McInnes to Captain Arthur Richard Roy, December 31st.
 Phyllis Easson to Howard Leonard Pollock, December 31st.
 Elizabeth MacKay to Lachlan MacTavish, January 14th.
 Violet Mulock to Leslie Clifford Phillips, January 24th.
 Chika Ubukata to D  m  tre Michel Nicolau, February 10th.
 Constance Davies Muspratt to Harry H. Wilson, March 2nd.
 Margaret Estabrooks to J. Gordon Osborne, March 22nd.
 Jean Baillie to Henry Helman Bose, March 22nd.
 Helen Murray to John Malcolm MacKinnon, April 1st.
 Alice Watson to Donald Methuen Fleming, May 13th.
 Hope Gibson Smith to Victor Balfour James, May 17th.

In Memoriam

HENRIETTA OWEN,
JUNE 30th, 1932

PHYLLIS EASSON POLLOCK,
JANUARY 19th, 1933

Deaths

Major Winthrop Sears, husband of Evelyn Sears Sears, Oct. 11th, 1932.

William Frederick Irving, son of Margaret Despard Fenton, Jan. 21st, 1933.

John D. Cummings, husband of Joan Hannay Cummings.

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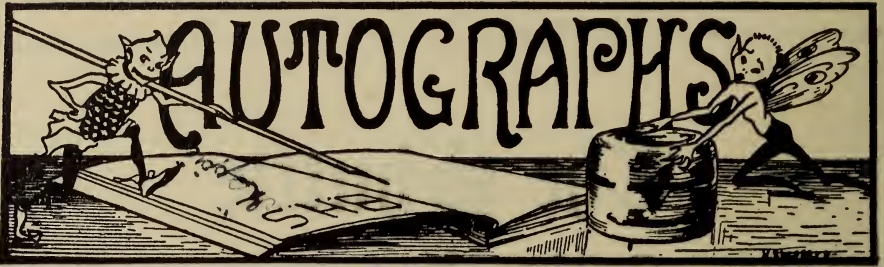
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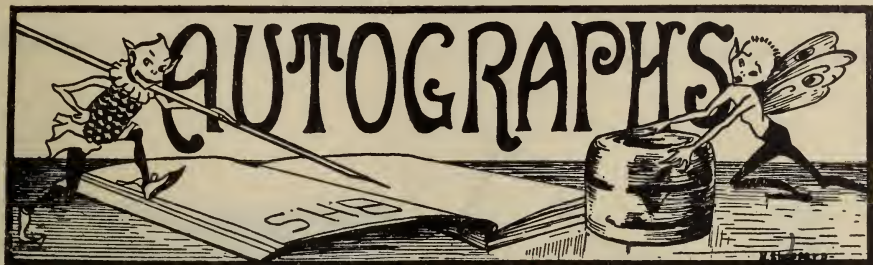
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